

Blood of the Covenant

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Dominoes

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entertainment purposes only. I make no profit and no infringement of  
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**\* \* \***

><p>"<em>You have a boo-boo?" Sophie asked, pointing to a cut on his forehead, which oozed a blue sludge. "I can fix that for you. I have a doctor's kit at home."<em>

"Now \*\*she\*\*," Toby exclaimed, interrupting his turn at reading, "is a child after my own heart. Just five years old and she's already making inroads on a medical career!"

Happy punched the behaviorist's arm as she and Ralph chorused indignantly, "Get back to the story!"

Toby dutifully returned his eyes to the big book in his lap and resumed reading.

"\_Home? Are you crazy?" Theo asked. "We can't take this thing  
\_\_home\_\_." \_

The entire team, as well as Happy's dad, Patrick and Walter's sister, Megan, were settled, sprawled or perched on anything resembling

seating around the garage. Everyone was completely stuffed from the impressive meal and they were relaxing and taking turns reading from Ralph's favorite book, I Want an Alien for Christmas. It had been a very eventful, but satisfying Christmas Eve, and Paige was pleased that despite all the earlier excitement, they were still able to provide her son with a magical and miraculous holiday. Nothing could replace having Ralph's father with him for the festivities, but Paige felt Drew was the one truly missing out, especially after witnessing the joyous reunion between Owen and his parents. She often wished that Drew was the kind of father that Owen had. She sighed. That was as likely as most of her Christmas wishes had been before she met Walter O'Brien and Scorpion.

The former waitress made her way over to where Ralph was sitting on the couch, squeezed between Cabe and Walter. Cabe immediately rose and balanced a hip on the arm, while indicating that Paige should sit down next to her boy. She smiled and nodded her thanks. Truthfully, she was exhausted. Snaking her arm behind her son, she hugged him close, and he contentedly smiled up at her, then leaned into the snuggle. Paige glanced at the genius sitting on his other side. Walter O'Brien would likely deny it, but he was largely responsible for a second miracle this Christmas Eve. It was hard to imagine, but Walter and his emotionally stunted team were the ones who brought her little boy out of his unreachable world to the point that he was easily able to cuddle with his mom. He probably had no idea just how Merry this Christmas was for Paige Dineen.

Ralph yawned, brought his feet up onto the couch and burrowed deeper into his mother's side. If he wasn't already asleep, he was obviously close to, Paige thought. On a normal evening, she would just tuck a blanket around him and let him sleep until she was ready to go. But she still had a bicycle to put together, and several other gifts from Santa to put around their tree at home. Walter had promised to come help, but first she had to get Ralph at home, in bed and soundly asleep.

"C'mon, Ralph," she said, gently tapping his arm. "I think it's time we get you into your bed at home so Santa can come with presents."

"But mom," the boy whined, "can't we just stay here? I'm sure Santa can find us here, too."

"Ralph," Walter began, "I imagineâ€¦umâ€¦I mean, I think Santa has a whole staff of elves, sort of like Happy and Sylvester."

"I'm \*\*short\*\*. I'm not an elf," the mechanic exclaimed with mock indignation.

"Right," Walter continued. "Anyway, these \*\*happy \*\*elves," he winked at his teammate, who scowled, "they plot out his route every year. It's a very tight schedule and he depends on every boy and girl being in their proper home, or else the whole plan breaks down."

"Then I guess my dad won't be getting any presents this year, will he?"

"Oh, sweetie," Paige kissed the top of his head. "I'm so sorry your dad couldn't be here this year. Are you terribly

disappointed?"

"Nah," Ralph answered, shrugging his shoulders. "I read about this old saying, blood is thicker than water. I figure we're like that."

"Well, um, of course," she agreed. "You and your dad are family â€" blood â€" and he's always going to love you, even if he can't always be here." She looked up at Walter and shrugged.

Ralph looked up at his mother, then beyond her to the man who was like a grandfather, then around the room. "That's not it, mom," he corrected. "That's backwards. The original saying is \_'The blood of the covenant is thicker than the water of the womb.'\_ It means that your teammates â€" your friends," he smiled up at Walter and then turned back to his mother. "The people you go through stuff with, those are the people that are really important. When you go through stuff with people, you have a covenant with them, which is like a contract, and you stick by each other."

Paige frowned. She was glad her son understood loyalty and friendship, but she wanted him to know that family was important, too.

"It doesn't mean family doesn't matter, mom." Ralph reached out and took his mother's hand in his small one. "But they don't matter just because they're connected to you by birth. They matter because you go through stuff with them, too. You and me have been through a lot of stuff, too, but now, we've got all of Scorpion with us. We're a cyclone; we've got a covenant. I'd rather spend Christmas with Scorpion than with anyone else!"

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><p>07-April-2016<p>

**\*\*Author's Note: \*\***This is the result of my first prompt request on Tumblr. I hope you enjoyed it.

The request: Send me - a scorpion character; an episode name; a sentence, quote or phrase up to 7 words

The prompt: Ralph Dineen, 1x12 (Dominoes), and "blood of the covenant is thicker than water of the womb."

End  
file.